

THE BASSANO MAIL
Published every Thursday
Wallace J. Smith
Editor and Publisher

Three more Liberal victories were scored in the recent by-elections in Saskatchewan, Quebec and New Brunswick. The Liberals are again turning toward Liberalism, less because Liberalism offers more than Conservatism that people are dissatisfied with present-day conditions and want a change.

Arm chair hockey fans are pleased with the announcement that Saturday night hockey games in the N. H. L. schedule will be broadcast from Maple Leaf Gardens, Toronto. A good announcer who follows the play closely can make it most interesting, even exciting, over the radio. Fans of Canada's great winter sport are looking forward to many enjoyable games by their own friends this winter.

It is estimated there are nearly two thousand antelope on one cattle ranch near Medicine Hat. The feet-footed pronghorns have been enjoying protection for some years, and they are thriving. This is good news for lovers of wild life. The buffalo were driven off the prairie and nearly became exterminated until the government stopped it and established a park for them. Protective measures for the antelope were adopted in time, and now we see him thriving in his natural wild state. One factor contributing to the conservation of the antelope is the abandonment of drought-stricken homestead lands and their return to open range.

Hollywood movie stars are raising a howl over President Roosevelt's proposal to investigate Hollywood salaries. A couple of hundred thousand dollars a year is certainly more than anybody can "earn" as an actor, and it should be possible for the screen celebrities to work along on less. With "actress" getting only an odd day's work at a few dollars a day, a more even distribution of the profits in movie industry is only a fair thing to ask. The movie business presents a picture of extreme luxury at one end and abject poverty at the other.

THE FRIEND WE NEEDED
(By Charlotte Brown)
I'd like a horse by the side of the road.
If no motor cars came that way;
But just an occasional horse and rider.
As a farmer's load of hay;
As in the days long past, when we walked on the grass.
I don't live far from the side of the road.
But hear enough I trow,
To the bustle and rattle and honk of horns.
That makes such a great row.
There needs someone near the side of the road.
To be a friend to man.
For the bit-and-rind fend knucks men down with a paw.
Catch me now, catch me now if you can.

Saturday Night
Sue: "We're going to give the bride a shower."
Neil: "Count me in! I'll bring the soap."

A Princely Reply
Madame De Stael, one of the most brilliant women of her time, was physically very unattractive. One of her salons, all male guests, save one, deserted her upon the entrance of a celebrated beauty. With a cynical smile she turned to the man who stood by.

"Prize, I want you to answer me honestly. Were you the beauty and I'm a small boy in a storm—and it occurred, which would you save, the beauty or me?"

The prince bowed and answered: "Madame, you win so well."

WORK CAMPS TO TAKE CARE OF SINGLE UNEMPLOYED

OTTAWA, Oct. 23—Looking to the certainty that Canada will still have an unemployment problem to solve during the winter months, the federal government has matured relief plans which, with the co-operation of the provinces, are designed to provide that no one of the citizen-ship need suffer.

Agreements have been signed with all the provinces which provide: (1) That the Dominion will pay up to 12 1/2 per cent of the labor costs of municipal public works.

(2) That the Dominion will pay 50 cents a day toward men employed on the trans-Canada highway.

(3) That the Dominion will pay 50 cents a day toward men employed on provincial highways.

(4) That single unemployed men will be absorbed into work camps to be established under the direction of the Department of National Defence for the carrying out of public projects, and that the Dominion will furnish food and house such men and give them a gratuity of 20 cents a day for tobacco, etc.

(5) That the Dominion will pay half the cost of the support of such single unemployed men who are unable, for physical or other reasons to enroll in the work camps, up to a total of 40 cents a day.



HEALTH
A HEALTH SERVICE OF THE CANADIAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION
INSURANCE COMPANY

HOCUS-POCUS
Do you remember the patent medicines and appliances that were so widely advertised twenty years ago? Did you ever stop to think what has become of the electric belt which was supposed to heal all manner of diseases? Where are the marvelous cures of yesterday?

The natural remedies, which for some reason inspired faith in the unproven, have mostly gone. The electric belt disappeared to give place to some newer arrangement, which makes hocus-pocus a later knowledge and talks of isolation and potential electricity.

The Dominion Government, through its Department of National Defence, protect the public of Canada in a far as the law allows, and as our law makers, reflecting public opinion, are taking a better understanding of the danger to the public in medical hocus-pocus, the laws regarding patent medicines are being gradually strengthened.

The patent medicine danger does not lie in the medicine itself, but rather that the use of patent medicine leads to the neglect of the physician. It is dangerous because it postpones the securing of proper treatment. The proper treatment of a condition is being apparently entirely neglected. The only means of preventing a serious or chronic condition.

There is nothing wrong with the hocus mixture, but if you mean delay in securing treatment for tuberculosis, then the matter is a serious one. We have no particular objection to the use of hocus and vegetable drugs, but when they are used for cure indication which is the first symptom of cancer of the stomach, then the delay in securing proper treatment may cause the patient's death.

A doctor does not treat symptoms. He can and will relieve distressing symptoms, but the treatment he gives seeks the cause of the symptoms because he knows that he must get at the cause if he is to do any good. A dose of morphine will relieve abdominal pain and put the patient to sleep, but if the pain is caused by an indigestion or appendix, then the appendix must be treated and the cause of the pain thus removed.

Hocus-pocus may be very amusing, because much of it is clever, even if very little of it is new. Hocus-pocus in medicine, however, is dangerous for all of us because it turns our attention away from medical knowledge which is based upon research, investigation, and experience.

Questions concerning health, addressed to the Canadian Medical Association, 184 College St., Toronto, will be answered personally by letter.

Deceiving Look
Tommy came home looking rather dishevelled and bruised. "I thought I told you only to play with good boys," said his mother. "Good boys never fight."

"Well," answered Tommy, "I thought Charlie Johnson was a good little boy till I hit him."

A Minor Point
His Wife: "So your client was acquitted of murder. On what grounds?"

Lawyer: "Insanity. He proved that his father had spent five years in an asylum."

Wife: "But he didn't, did he?"

Lawyer: "Yes. He was a doctor there, but he had not time to bring that fact out."

Generous Reciprocity
"Sure," said Pat, rubbing his head with delight at the prospect of Christmas present. "I always manage to do my duty."

"I believe you," replied his employer, "and therefore I shall make you a present of all you have stolen from me during the year."

"Thank you, your honor," replied Pat, "and may all your friends and acquaintances treat you as liberally."

Painting in North Africa are building nests, some of which are conical structures, rising two feet above the water level.

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RADICAL MEASURES BEING USED TO STABILIZE AGRICULTURE IN STATES

(Continued from page 1)

Here are some of their arguments: "Waving of hands will not suffice to dissipate real economic problems. We do not obtain economic improvement by the use of force; the farmer price which has been raised this year is those for which reductions of supply are present or prospective."

"I do not survey the Agricultural Adjustment Act as the last word in wisdom," Secretary Wallace says. "That in view of the mass we have gotten into in the past 12 years I think this act is being used as a different situation. Errors of the sort may be necessary for several years, until we have opened up a large foreign market by an appropriate tariff policy or until we have started on a real state-subsidized land policy." He looks forward to the day when 50 million acres of poorer land in the United States will be retired from farm tillage and seeded to grass or planted to trees.

So we have the picture before Canadians of a gigantic and revolutionary experiment in agriculture being conducted by the government of the United States. It is obvious that consumers of farm products who that country of half a billion dollars by way of direct tax and quite likely another billion dollars by way of increased prices. It is obvious that the opinion in governmental circles in the United States is that agricultural prices must be placed in a profitable position at almost any cost. So the government is taking a big gamble. The paying out of millions of dollars in order to decrease production, the plowing under of millions of acres of cotton, the throwing into the Mississippi river of vast numbers of small pigs seem to be a crazy method of action in the light of the economic teachings over the years. Are we living in a topsy-turvy land? But the authorities in power in the United States have considered this course of action is to be taken, have come to the conclusion that the only way out is through decreasing production, have concluded that the farmers and producers are entitled to a bonus for decreased production and also that the money for bonus must come from consumers.

There should be willingness in the United States to accept the new product, they say, and to employ agencies gradually adapted to each one, without stiff-necked adherence to the fallacies of gold generalization and better times return.

The Drug Store
KODAKS and KODAK SUPPLIES
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POINTYARD PENS and PENCILS
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FANCY CHINA
SAFETY RAZORS and BLADES
The new Gillette Blades, 10 for 50c
SHAVING SOAPS and CREAMS
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CATCH THE FLIES with the Gorgon Fly Catcher
sanitary and efficient 25c a dozen

STILES, The Druggist

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TIRE REPAIRS - BATTERY REPAIRS
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SAMBROOKE'S GARAGE
BASSANO - ALBERTA

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Ladies' and Gents' Prizes given each week for highest scores bowled
Good Game - Good Exercise - Good Alleys
FOSTER'S BOWLING ALLEYS
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CREAM
Ship your Cream to us for entire satisfaction
BASSANO CREAMERY
Try a Want Ad.

High School Tests

OCTOBER 18, 24

GRADE 12		
Donaldson, Robt	-----	7
Gayford, Roy	-----	3
McDonald, James	-----	3
Scott, George	-----	3
Stiles, Gwen	-----	4
Ubertino, Dante	-----	2
Piuner, Phyllis	-----	1
	-----	1

GRADE 11			
Angell, Ella	4	8	10
Barlow, Hazel	5	10	7
Basawar, Russell	6	4	10
Becker, Margaret	7	4	10
Cador, Pauline	8	10	10
Cador, Phyllis	10	12	4
Cord, Austin	11	10	10
Holmes, Harlan	7	10	10
Johnston, Archie	8	8	10
Maurer, Donald	9	10	10
Playfair, Florence	2	1	10
Plummer, Ben	4	10	10
Frassell, Dorothy	4	10	10
Stiles, Ted	12	11	4
Thompson, Fred	9	13	10
Wright, Christina	10	10	10
Ungarian, Jessie	13	1	10

Grade 10		
Cawley, Laura	1	4
Easterbrook, Yvonne	4	3
Harper, Margaret	1	4
Harper, Bob	14	3
Pearson, Dora		3
Pinnier, Betty	8	3
Sambrooke, Lowell	14	4
Smith, Gordon		3
Shupe, William		3
Stiles, George	17	3
Thompson, Vernon		3
Travis, Helen		3
Wright, Norman		3
Robert, Irene		3
Robert, Dorene	16	4
Grade 9		
Bacon, John	4	3
Becker, Dorothy		3

Edwards, Jack	5	5	3
Ford, Douglas	5	5	1
Johnston, Betty	5	5	1
Johnston, Jean	5	5	1
MacBeth, Constance	4	1	1
Morrison, Daniel	7	3	4
Mott, Patricia	5	5	5
Smith, Jack	3	5	5

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Orange CRUSH

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Calgary Brewing & Malting Co. Ltd.
DISTRIBUTED IN BASSANO BY
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Royal Bank of Canada
Canadian Bank of Commerce
Bank of Toronto
Bank of Montreal

THE EYE

By D. M. Power

SIXTH INSTALLMENT

Babe folded a paper into a trough, stuffed in a little tobacco, evened it with a careful finger tip, rolled it duffly and drew the ends of the paper lightly along the tip of his tongue before he pressed it down and rolled up one end. He dabbed a match from a pocket, flicked his thumbnail across the head and not a flame, and lighted the cigarette, then snuffed the match with a twirl and dropped the pieces at his feet. The kid watched him, his mind piecing together certain details of the story which Babe did not know.

"I shore was worried about you, Kid," Babe said finally, drawing a mouthful of smoke. "Where'd that falter jump yuh, Tiger. Eyest it a fair question?"

"Back down the rim about a mile," Babe said. "Musta took yuh quite a while." Babe drew the smoke away from his face while he looked hard at the kid.

"Taken a right smart white, Babe, to trap a wolf." A strange, implacable look came into the kid's boyish face. Babe looked at him and looked away again.

"Shore. Well, let's go," he said after a silence, and there was a new note of respect in his voice. "I'll tell the Old Man how it was. You told the right thing, Tiger Eye."

In the cabin at Cold Spring line camp that evening the kid was playing the mouth organ, his slim brown fingers cupped and touching the metal at where the nickel was worn thru the brass.

"Moah rim ridin', Babe?"

"Why? Yuh like rim ridin', Tiger Eye?"

"Shore do, Babe."

"Yuh shore look happy tonight, Tiger Eye?"

Babe spoke to him much, when the kid's dreams could no longer be compassed by the music and he sat staring at the smoky bottom of the Shagun hanging back of the stove.

"Time to roll in, though. We got 'er ridin' at dawn."

"Shosh feel that-a-way, Babe."

"Babe pulled off a boot with a vicious yank and sat holding it tin one hand while he eyed the kid."

"Dummed if I can see what there is to be happy about, Tiger Eye."

"Dummed if I can see what there is to be happy about, Tiger Eye."

He picked up the water bucket and went out into the night.

The air was clean and crisp and drops of dew on the grass winked like diamonds in the sun. The horses had galloped steadily for more than a mile, but now they had settled down to a walk and the reins lay loosely along their necks. Riding so, a habit born of the long trail up from Texas took hold of Tiger Eye. Instinctively his hand went to his mouth organ, and he began to play soft matches of old melodies as he rode.

The music timed the easy swing of the kid's slim body, the steady and the occasional click of his iron-bound stirrups against Babe's wooden ones. The tune didn't matter, a melody of this kind and the kid drifting along with his idling thoughts.

When the kid played, he thought. When the kid played he thought of the girl down in the valley behind him. Reckon her old pappy was a better, like all the rest of them down in the valley. Leashy, the kid had gathered that. Nellie's brother Ed had been shot by a Poole rider, and that shose seemed to hate the name of Poole.

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Babe jumped when the Kid whistled and fired

charge," Babe said suddenly, and struck his horse with the quirt he carried.

The kid's hand tightened on the reins. A cold weight fell like a lump of iron upon his chest. He didn't know those riders up ahead. They were not the same old boys with Pop, tall and hawk-eyed, on his big horse, riding here and there, giving his quiet orders. Plumb strangers, there were. Babe knew them, but he didn't. He was just an outsider, and Babe wasn't taking him over to get acquainted.

A man galloped out to meet Babe and the two talked, hands and head making little unguarded gestures now and then. The kid's sidelong glance saw every move they made. They were talking about him, and they seemed to find a right smart lot to say.

Babe finally turned in his saddle and swung out an arm in a beckoning gesture, but the kid kept his face straight ahead and gave no sign that he saw the signal. Babe cupped his hands around his mouth and let out a loud "Yeh-hoo!"

"Hey, Tiger Eye! Y' astep?"

The kid did over so that his hand might find his stirrup, and yawned as he looked at Babe.

"Y'all got me outa bed before daylight, Babe."

"Come on over and meet Jess Markel."

"Ah! Impawient, is it Babe?"

"Well, no," Babe gave him a studying look. "Thought you wanted to meet the boys. You said—"

"Said I'd plumb enjoy swingin' 'em round. Nesh, said I was achin' to meet anybody, though."

"Jess is wago aboon," Babe forthrightly explained. "Good man to know. Might put you on, when this trouble"

with the mesters is settled."

"Reckon I'd bettah make shoah of my job, first. And if y'all want me line ridin' orah on the rim, I'd shoah love to stay with y'all."

"Jess is a Texas man," Babe remarked in too casual a tone, thought maybe you might know him. Don't the name mean anything, Tiger Eye?"

"Shucks, Babe, names don't nevah mean anything 'o Texas man. Not up North. Plumb easy to lose y'all's"

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"Shucks, Babe, names don't nevah mean anything 'o Texas man. Not up North. Plumb easy to lose y'all's"

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Texas name and the trail."

"Old yout?"

"Ain't were my name only twenty yuba, Babe. No call to change it yet."

Babe accepted the report, and said no more, though his eyes stole another sidelong glance at the kid. In unspoken agreement they touched again to their horses and went galloping steadily across the prairie at right angles to the herd. This way lay the headquarters ranch of the Poole, which was in reality a farm of eastern capitalists dabbling in range investments.

The Poole owners never saw their outfit. John Poole, president of the Poole Land and Cattle Company, gave orders from his New York office. This sum for cost of operation, that sum deducted for normal losses, and the investment yielding a certain percentage to the shareholders. But when the calf tally dwindled out of all proportion to adverse weather conditions, the shareholders. But when the calf tally dwindled out of all proportion to adverse weather conditions, the shareholders.

The superintendent was an old range man named Walter Bell, and he was growing rich at managing the Poole. He replied to that letter, and he didn't best around the bush. The resters, he said, were rustlers of cattle and were stealing the Poole's cattle. John Poole replied that Bell must know what medicine to use on rustlers and Bell wrote back that he did, but it would cost some money.

So Bell went quietly and methodically to work, his men in a dink in the art of administering leaden pills as required, with no talk or fuss about it.

Saddled horses stood in the shade of a big cottonwood tree, some still breathing quickly from hard riding, others resting a leg while they dozed. These awakened with a start as the two rode into the unfenced yard. Lean riders perched on the top rail of the nearby corral or squatted on horse back against the fence. The kid felt them eying him as he swung down from Peeco and followed Babe, but they didn't smile at the sight of him.

The kid lifted his head in response to a nod or two, and took his place at one side of the group—the right side, which left his arm free to rest on his hip.

Babe left him, going on to the house, where he knuckled on a dink. Babe was a long time in the house. "Peared like he must have a right smart to say to the Old Man. The kid's feet grew tired, standing there leaning against the fence, but he didn't sit down.

Another man rode up, some foreman or other. He told them to feed their horses and stay for dinner, and the group stirred and went off to attend to their mounts. The kid loosened the saddle on Peeco and Babe's horse, slipped off their bridles and turned them into the corral.

Babe's voice calling out some careless remark to the foreman came to him at last, and over at the log house beyond the cottonwood some one was pounding on a tin pan to say dinner was ready.

Men were already splashing at the wash basin on the bench outside the house when the kid came up. Babe

eye had the cold glare of a tiger, as he watched the men rushing out to see what had happened. Twenty feet away, a man, standing himself and reached backward with his left hand, and the kid saw and let him get the gun before he fired again. The man dropped the second gun and stood there, holding two bloody fists before him, staring from them to the kid.

"Y'all stop 'weah, yuh ah!" the kid said to those at the door, and they halted on the broad step.

"I'll kill y'all for this, Tiger Eye. Reever!" raved the man with the bloody fists.

(continued next week)

More than 30 per cent of the people now in insurable employment in Britain are women.

Good Aims

"Rastus, what's an albit?"

"Dat's provin' dat you was at a prayar meetin' whar you want, in order to show dat yu' want at the crap game whar you wuz."

Shocked Old Lady: "And on the way here we passed about 25 people in parfed cars."

Young Hostess: "Oh, I am sure you are mistaken. I must have been an even number."

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emptied his basin with a fling of soap water into the bushes at the end of the house, gave the basin to the kid and went inside, but stopped just inside the door and stared back over his shoulder as if he were expecting something.

The kid dipped water from the big bucket standing there—gently, lest the splash should drown some little sound he ought to hear; some little sound Babe was listening for, there inside the door.

Somebody coming across the yard, walking dink slow and careful. Hungry men don't walk that-way to their dinner. The kid took out his little black pocket comb, unfolded it and leaned the wavy mirror in its cheap frame. He looked into it and with his left hand he drew the comb through his thick, wavy locks that just missed being red. Babe was still standing just inside the door, still looking out at the kid, waiting for him; waiting for something else too.

But even though Babe stood there waiting, he jumped when the kid

stepped out and fired.

The kid ducked past the window and then backed slowly, keeping close to the wall. His yellow right

eye had the cold glare of a tiger, as he watched the men rushing out to see what had happened. Twenty feet away, a man, standing himself and reached backward with his left hand, and the kid saw and let him get the gun before he fired again. The man dropped the second gun and stood there, holding two bloody fists before him, staring from them to the kid.

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